THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

EDUCATION.

With the most salutary effects, the Principal of the Philadelphia Academy annually pronounces a classical exhortation, which is highly honourable to himself, and signally serviceable to others. As in the plan and objects of this institution there is nothing narrow or local, and as the topicks of Knowledge and Piety, on which this judicious Instructor insists, are accommodated to all places and to all times, we have remarked, in former years, that his liberal sentiments and wholesome advice have been, by various editors in different parts of the country, thought worthy of a wide and general dissemination. The following elegant, instructive, and animated charge, the most elaborate of any with which we have been favoured, will convince every reader of taste and sensibility that the cause of sound learning and pure morals is much indebted to the indefatigable exertions of Dr. ABERCROMBIE; and we doubt not that an article of so much importance, both to parents and pupils, will gain that currency and celebrity to which moral and intellectual worth is always entitled.

A CHARGE

Delivered after a Publick Examination, on Thursday, July 30, 1807, to the Senior Class of the Philadelphia Academy: upon their having completed the Course of Study prescribed by that Institution. By JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D. one of the Assistant Ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's, and Director of the Academy.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer.
HOR.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.
OV. EP. 9, LIB. 2.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

The rapid, though silent, current of time, which hath hitherto borne you on its placid bosom, free from care, and apprehension of danger, is now about to commit you to the wide extended, perilous, and turbulent ocean of the world; where you will assuredly be sometimes assailed by tempests, and sometimes lulled into security by treacherous calms, while, surrounded on all sides by rocks, and shoals, you will be perpetually exposed to difficulty, to danger, and alarm. Before, therefore, the tie which hath so long connected you with me, as your instructor and guide, is loosened; and you lanch into this boisterous, this hazardous profound, receive my parting benediction, and with it, a few cautionary precepts, inspired by an affectionate solicitude for your welfare, and an ardent desire that you should accomplish the voyage of Human Life, with safety, with reputation, and consequently with merited reward.

Though you are just going to embark on a wide and untried expanse, you embark under happier auspices, and are provided with more solid and substantial aid, than the generality of young adventurers, who are committed to the same ocean, though they enter it by different channels.

The principles of *Religion* which have here been inculcated, will, if cherished, inspire you with fortitude to encounter difficulty, and with resignation to sustain disaster: while the rudiments of *Science* which you have also here acquired, will enable you to direct your course with considerable skill; and thus by rendering yourselves not only conspicuous for your attainments, but thereby singularly useful to others, you will naturally command that attention, respect, and esteem, which will ultimately lead to wealth, to honour, and to happiness.

I will not, however, any longer amuse your imaginations with metaphor; but, with an earnestness and gravity suited to the dignity of the subject, and the importance of the occasion, suggest to you a few sentiments which result from experience, and an attentive observation of men and manners.

In former addresses of this nature, I have either descanted upon and recommended the cultivation and expansion of that system of English education, which is peculiar to this Seminary, or, I have pointed out to your predecessours the path of moral and religious conduct which they ought to pursue.

As those addresses have been published, and probably have been perused by you, I shall in the present, in order to give variety to the form, chiefly confine myself to the recommendation of those branches of English literature which should most particularly engage your attention upon leaving this Institution; and also to the no less important subject of manners or external deportment.

The elementary principles of a *complete English education*, which you have here acquired, form the most solid foundation for the establishment of useful and estimable character.

Though some of you may continue to pursue scholastick studies, and, in the cultivation of the languages, and the various scientifick branches of a University education, prepare yourselves for one of the learned professions, yet the majority of you will, in all probability, immediately engage in the active scenes of life, by endeavouring to make yourselves acquainted with the operations of commerce, or the exercise of those professions which admit not of studious retirement, and allow but little leisure for attention to scientifick or Belles Lettres subjects. Some portion, however, though small, will always be found, and by an inquisitive and laudably ambitious mind eagerly embraced; under which circumstances, you cannot I think more agreeably or advantageously employ those golden moments of mental indulgence than by an alternate attention to the following subjects, which the knowledge you have now obtained of *Grammar*, of the principles of correct *Composition*, of *Elocution*, *Geography*, *Natural History*, and *Logick*, has particularly qualified you readily to investigate and ardently to admire. Let it however always be remembered by you, that though the elementary principles of the branches just mentioned, are now actively alive in your minds, yet that a collision with other subjects, and a short period of inaction, will, without some care and attention, soon enfeeble and finally perhaps extinguish them. I therefore earnestly recommend it to you frequently to review the course of study you have just completed, and accustom yourselves to apply the rules and principles of the various subjects, as often as opportunities occur. Examine, for instance, every sentence which you write, and when time will permit, every one you hear or read, by the laws of *Syntax*, with respect to its government, of *Orthography* with respect to its spelling, and division of syilables, of *Etymology* with respect to its formation and of *Prosody* with regard to its accentuation, emphasis, quantity, pause, and tone; and if it be poetry, by the established laws of versification. Let every species of *composition*, every

geographical description, every *production of nature*, according to its proper classification in the kingdom to which it belongs, every *act of reasoning*, every effort of *Elocution*, be respectively brought to the test of such rules, as you have been here taught to consider the criterion of perfection in those several branches of science. In fine, consider the elementary principles you have now acquired, as the seeds of their respective sciences, sown in your minds, which, without the most vigorous attention, and assiduous cultivation, will be choaked, and rendered abortive by the various avocations of the world: the deceitfulness of its pleasures, the corrosive anxieties awakened by its disappointments, and the flattering expectations excited by its promises, all tending to stimulate the operation of the passions, and thereby to retard the progress of scientifick or literary pursuits, by interrupting that composure and serenity of mind, and disturbing that leisure and retirement, which are indispensably necessary for their promotion. The first and most rational source, both of entertainment and improvement, during the hours of leisure, or relaxation from the peculiar avocations of that profession which you may be preparing yourselves to exercise, is *reading*. And of the various subjects which will offer themselves to your attention that of HISTORY is unquestionably the most useful, and therefore the most important. In that you see, as in a mirror, a correct delineation of the human mind, the operation of its most active principles, and the natural effects of that operation.

Hence you are taught and encouraged to improve and to imitate virtuous, and justly to detest and guard against the errours of unprincipled and vicious characters. You will be convinced of the indispensable necessity of strong and energetick *government* to restrain, and of pure and undefiled *religion* to regulate the passions of men, and to produce that real liberty which is calculated to promote and secure the peace, the prosperity and happiness, both of individuals and of society. And the unavoidable evils and misery resulting from that romantick and licentious species of political association, which would depend upon the strength and voluntary exertion of human virtue, without those powerful checks and obligations which always have and ever will be found necessary to enforce obedience to the dictates of right reason, securely to curb the frenzy of faction, and effectually to restrain the "madness of the people."

Rollin, Millot, Hume, Robertson, Ferguson, Rapin, Smollet, and Lord Clarendon, are among the most celebrated of our historians for importance of subject, perspicuity of narration, and elegance of diction.

"It is not, however," says Plutarch, "in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned, but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, will distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles."* Your attention, therefore, should often be directed to *Biography*, in which the minute details of private life, and the daily occurrences and familiar conversations of individuals, more justly portray the natural operations of the human mind, and mark with clearer discrimination the diversity of the human character, than that studied regulation of conduct which is to be expected in those transactions which are recorded by the pen of the historian.

Another species of composition to which I would recommend you frequently to direct your attention, is the *Epistolary*. Letters being substitutes for conversation, ease, simplicity, and colloquial gracefulness, are in them essential characters of excellence: and the perusal of such writings promotes facility of expression and rapidity of thought. By the reading of well-written letters, you will insensibly acquire a freedom of style both in writing and conversation, which will render your communications agreeable

* Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

and satisfactory to yourselves, and pleasing and interesting to others.

"The writing of letters," says the celebrated Mr. Locke, "enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in compositions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense, and his abilities, to a severer examination than any oral discourse." The most perfect models of a correct and elegant epistolary style are those of Cicero, Pliny, the celebrated Howell, Lady Rachel Russel, of Pope, Gray, Sterne, Swift, Addison, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Mr. Cowper, and though last, not least, the attick and highly polished epistles of the late learned and accomplished Dr. Beattie. As these effusions of genius and good sense cannot fail to improve your taste, they will at the same time preserve and strengthen your morals, an assertion which cannot be applied to every production of this kind which has received the sanction of publick approbation.

Poetry forms a third branch of composition which will naturally claim, and ought certainly to obtain, a considerable share of your literary leisure; but here the field is so extensive, and its productions so various, that within the limits which propriety prescribes to this address, I cannot possibly descant upon the peculiar merits and defects of each species.

The *Epic Poem* constitutes the most dignified and consequently the most interesting. Such are the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil, and the Paradise Lost of Milton. To which I may add a modern production of this kind, which has in no degree adequate to its merits, received the tribute of publick attention and applause. I mean the *Calvary of Cumberland*. In this finished performance, the essential properties of the epick poem are well preserved, and forcibly exemplified.

Of *Didactick* Poetry, the Georgicks of Virgil; Dr. Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health; Pope's Essay on Man; Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination; and that fervid effusion of genius and science, Dr. Darwin's Botanick Garden, are the most conspicuous. The beautiful and interesting episodes which ornament this latter work, and of which this species of poetry is peculiarly susceptible, are introduced and supported with singular propriety and elegance.

The simplicity and delicacy of *Pastoral* Poetry has been most successfully expressed by Pope, Addison, Phillips, and Shenstone who certainly bear the palm among the writers of English Pastoral. To these may be added the Idylls of Gesner, who, in this region of the Muses, "soared with no middle flight," and who is justly styled the German Theocritus.

Of *Lyrick* Poetry, Dryden, Collins, Gray, and Warton, afford the most polished specimens. *In the elegiack* department, Hammond, Gray, Collins, Lyttleton, and Mason, are conspicuous. To these I must add, with peculiar eulogy, the pious, the sententious, the energetick Dr. Young, whose *Night Thoughts*, are in my opinion, the next best book to the Bible to be found in any language; teaching in the most pathetick and impressive strains, the great art of living, and which is of infinitely more importance, the greater art of *dying* well. In them is depicted, though with a sombre pencil, an exact view of human life; and notwithstanding the loose, unconnected assemblage of ideas may afford to the fastidious critick some ground for censure and for cavil, yet they will ever communicate the highest degree of pleasure to a mind susceptible of devotional feelings, and possessed of genuine sensibility.

Dr. Young's Night Thoughts are an invaluable treasure, and so long as truth and undefiled religion are held in estimation, will be the inseparable companion of the serious and refined sentimentalist, the correct moralist, and the real Christian.

Of *Descriptive* and *Allegorical* Poetry, Thomson's Seasons, Denham's

Cooper's Hill, Pope's Windsor Forest, Cowper's Task, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and the Allegro and Il Penseroso of Milton, form examples inferiour to none in our language.

Fontaine, Gray, Moore, and Langhorne, have given to the world the best *Poetical Fables.*

The foibles as well as the vices of mankind, are the proper objects of *Satire;* and in this department, Swift, Pope, Young, Dryden, Butler, Churchhill, and Gifford, lead the van.

Essays are a species of composition particularly adapted to short and occasional intervals of leisure. They are written upon all subjects, and can always be selected to suit the humour of the moment, whether gayety calls for amusement, contemplation for moral reflection, literary observation for criticism, or chagrin and vexation for ridicule and satire. "Thus," says Vicecimus Knox, a celebrated modern essayist, when speaking on this subject, "thus is Idleness rendered attentive, and the listless moments of leisure improved with the advantage of study, unmixed with the toil of formal application. The saunterer is deceived into employment, and the vicious, the dissipated, the busy, are insensibly allured to the indulgence of literary and philosophical contemplation."*

Beattie, Knox, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Mackenzie, Hawkesworth, and Aikin, are among the best essayists in our language.

While upon this topick, I recommend certain subjects and authours to your attention, I think it also my duty to caution you against those which may prove injurious. Beware of *modern novels.* Though some of them may afford innocent and refined entertainment, they are in general "full of deadly poison," intended to insinuate into the mind, under the mask of amusement, such principles as are utterly subversive of sound government, correct morals, and true religion; and at best, are but trifling apologies for the murder of time.

* Knox's Essays, No. I.

In this occupation of *reading*, as well as in every species of employment, let it be your constant endeavour to observe as much *method* as possible. This wonderfully facilitates and promotes both our progress and success in any pursuit, while it cherishes a lively consciousness of the rapid flight of time. In the course of your biographical reading, you will find, that some of the greatest men, and most eminent literary characters, were strict adherents to method, in the arrangement both of their studies and avocations of business, of whom Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir William Jones, two of the brightest literary ornaments of modern days, exhibit exemplary proof in their diaries.

Let your *amusements* be regulated by the dictates of sound reason, inspired by just sensibility of the value of time, the importance of knowledge, and the dangerous influence of relaxation in the pursuit of it. The mind cannot indeed endure uninterrupted application to serious and important subjects; it becomes fatigued by action as well as the body; and like it, must be soothed and invigorated by occasional repose. Objects, therefore, of a lighter nature, and such as tend to please the imagination and exhilerate the fancy, must be resorted to for that purpose: in doing which, the greatest danger is, that as amusements are generally calculated to operate upon the passions, they may be suffered to acquire undue influence, and divert the mind from such a degree of attention to the claims of duty, as is essentially necessary to give stability to resolution, efficacy to operation, and dignity to character. Let, therefore, all your amusements be of the most innocent and temperate kind. Avoid excessive indulgence in any pleasure, and vigilantly, firmly, guard against and reject all that may have the smallest tendency to levity or licentiousness. Remember that youth is the most favourable season for the acquisition of knowledge, for the obtrusive cares and corrosive anxieties awakened by an intercourse with society, will damp the ardour of pur-

suit, and paralize the energies of thought.

With respect to your *External deportment* let ease, gracefulness, politeness, and affability, be carefully studied and supported by you towards all; uniformly observing towards your parents and superiours, the most affectionate and respectful demeanour; by which you will render yourselves admired and beloved. To the former your debt of gratitude can never be cancelled, even by your most active solicitude and attention. To them you are indebted for preservation, nourishment, and protection, during the helpless years of infancy, and childhood; and will ever in them find the truest friends and most disinterested counsellers: you are bound therefore to make every possible exertion for the promotion of their comfort, the gratification, nay, the anticipation, of their wishes.

To *Inferiours* let your behaviour be always mild, condescending, and amiable, that they may neither be discouraged by superciliousness, nor disgusted by austerity; and particularly endeavour by the gentleness of your manners, to conciliate the respect and attention of *servants;* always remembering, that the condition of servitude is, in its best estate, severe, and humiliating; and should therefore be alleviated as much as possible by the exercise of kindness, and all the "small sweet courtesies of life;" regulating your conduct by the golden rule of Christianity, to act towards them in the same manner, as under a change of circumstances you would wish them to observe towards you.

In your dress, study to avoid the extremes of foppery and slovenliness. Neatness of attire, and cleanliness of person, always designating the true gentleman, while the former are the invariable indications of a weak and frivolous mind. In all your communications, whether oral or written, observe the most scrupulous and inviolable attachment to truth. The propensity to embellish and exaggerate every representation, or to amuse by fictitious narrative, particularly where the narrator himself is introduced, is a contemptible ebullition of vanity, which the moralist, the scholar, and the gentleman, will ever despise and avoid. "Truth," says Dr. Johnson, "is the basis of all excellence; it has an intrinsick and unalterable value, and constitutes that intellectual gold which defies destruction." "Accustom your children," said that illustrious moralist one day to his friend Mrs. Thrale, "accustom your children invariably to observe the strictest attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars: if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; for when once, though in an apparently trivial instance, truth is violated, it is impossible to know where deviation from truth will end." Let nothing, therefore, young gentlemen, ever tempt you to swerve from it in the smallest degree.

This scrupulous adherence to truth in narration, will induce, as intimately allied to that branch of moral honesty, an equal delicacy of attention with regard to the *fulfilment of engagements*, and the *keeping of appointments*. Punctuality should be ranked by moralists among the virtues. Its observance upon all occasions, prevents the prodigal waste of that inestimable talent time, and wonderfully facilitates and promotes the execution of business in every department of life. The celebrated Melancthon, one of the wisest and most amiable men of his age, informs us, that when he made an appointment, he insisted, "not only that the hour, but that the minute should be fixed"; that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense, or be wasted in the criminal insipidity of doing nothing. To this scrupulous regard for truth, and this strict observance of punctuality, add *the most rigid and uninterrupted vigilance against indulgence in the use of profane or indecent expressions, or allusions*, for, independently of the impiety and immorality attached to them, they are the most unequivocal

indications of a vulgar and depraved mind, delicacy of sentiment and purity of expression being indispensable qualifications in a *gentleman*, and the natural effusions of a correct and well informed understanding. To a mind justly impressed with a sense of the immaculate purity and transcendent greatness of the Deity, and of the imperfection and responsibility of man, nothing can be more disgusting than the use of oaths and execrations in familiar discourse. It is recorded of the Hon. Mr. Boyle, a distinguished philosopher and exemplary Christian, that he never mentioned the name of GOD, without a solemn pause, indicative of the most profound and reverential awe.

Another principle which I am particularly anxious to awaken and establish in you, is, *tenderness to animals*. It is a proof of a cowardly and ignoble disposition, when, from a sense of superiority, we tyrannize over inferiour animals; more particularly when we exercise cruelty towards them by inflicting pain. True magnanimity and greatness of mind are shown in protecting and cherishing those who are subjected to our control. He who is possessed of sensibility of heart, without which no character can be truly amiable, will always consider that

"The poor insect which we tread upon,
In corp'ral suff'rance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

SHAKSPEARE.

"I would not," says Mr. Cowper,

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the publick path,
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will turn aside and let the reptile live."

TASK, B. 6.

Of similar excellence is the thought expressed by a late celebrated Sentimentalist, who represents a benevolent character as gently putting away and thus addressing a fly, which buzzed about and disturbed him: "Go, poor insect, why should I hurt thee, this world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me."—*Sterne*.

These are the dictates of genuine benevolence, and that fundamental precept of the christian religion, given to regulate our conduct towards each other, applies with equal force to animals of an inferiour order.

As you value the correct formation of your character, and the acquisition of that knowledge which it will be necessary for you to obtain, in order to exercise with honour and advantage the profession you may wish to adopt, cherish I entreat you, a *spirit of subordination and patience of control*. You have now attained that period of life, and have acquired that degree of information, which will qualify you to commence the study of any profession you may have a predilection for, provided it does not require a previous knowledge of the learned languages. When therefore, you enter the counting-house, or the office of any professional character, remember that you are yet young, and must submit to be guided in order to learn how to govern. It was a spirit of pride and insubordination; a pestiferous idea of *equality*, which instigated the rebellion of the great seducer of our species; and has since, in human society, proved the bane of social and political happiness. None are better qualified to govern well, than those who have previously learned the nature of subordination, and a reluctance to comply with its peculiar duties, in those who are called upon to fulfil them, is an unequivocal indication of a weak and narrow mind, but a cheerful, assiduous, and even an anticipating performance of the wishes of those to whose care you are intrusted, will assuredly conciliate their esteem and affection, and by thus rendering yourselves useful to them, engage their *interest* on your side, which is one of the most powerful motives of operation, which exists in the human breast. As it is probable that many of you will attach yourselves to mercantile pursuits, I advise you to become *theoretical*, as well as *practical* merchants, that is, read judicious treatises upon commerce, and those subjects

which are immediately connected with it, that you may have correct and expanded views of the various branches of your profession, and not degrade, as it is too generally the case, the dignified character of a real merchant, into the merely mechanical one of a *trader*, or *pedler*, which is but another name for a merchant, without a mind.

Whatever your situation in society may be, *resolve never to be idle*, when not engaged in active pursuits, suffer not your attention to sleep, but direct the energies of your mind to intellectual improvement. "A taste for polite literature, and the works of nature and of art," says a sensible modern writer,* "is essentially necessary to form the gentleman, and will always distinguish him more completely from the vulgar than any advantage he can derive from wealth, dress, or titles. Those external decorations without those refined manners, which proceed from a proper study of books and men, serve only to render his ignorance more conspicuous." Let no hour, therefore, pass unimproved, consider the value of the passing hours, the uncertainty of life, and the consequent importance of activity and zeal. For

"What moment's granted man without account?"

Every thing around us, and in which we are engaged, gives striking intimation of our mortality. The ordinary course of nature, both in the animal and vegetable world, loudly proclaims it. Each rising and each setting sun calls on us to prepare for a descent into, and a resurrection from the tomb.

——————"Each night we die,
"Each morn are born again! each day a life!
"And shall we kill each day? if trifling kills,
"Sure vice must butcher! Oh! what heaps of slain
"Cry out for vengeance!"
Night 2nd, 286.

A due degree of reflection on these points will not only render you attentive to the duties attached to that state of life in which it hath pleased God to place you, but will always lead you to see and consider the value of *religion*. And here, my beloved youths, I am inclined to wish for more than mortal powers, that I might convince you of its importance, and compel you to cherish it.

The occurrences of each succeeding day, must forcibly remind you of the rapid flight of time, and of the uncertainty of human life. The dictates of reason and the assurances of divine revelation teach you that there is a future and eternal state of existence, into which you *must* enter, after the present short period of trial is finished; and that the nature and condition of that existence will be happy or miserable, according to the tenour of your conduct here: or, in the language of Holy Writ "according to the deeds done in the body." What infinite importance does this reflection give to the span of human life? and how does every other object shrink into insignificance when compared with that one thing needful—a preparation for Eternity! Surely the great, the uninterrupted business of life should be, to qualify ourselves for death and judgment. Surely the pleasures, the interests of this world are "trifles light as air,"—are nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity, when compared with those awfully interesting and inevitable events.

"One eye on Death and one full fixed on Heaven,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man."
Night 5th, 838.

Be not deceived, then, by the delusive calls, which will assail you on every side, but, resolutely and wisely determine to pursue that course of conduct which will recommend you to Almighty God, and induce his blessing here, and his favourable reception of you hereafter. Let not the goading impulses of *Sensuality*, the seducing smiles and flattering blandishments of *Prosperity*, or the "iron scourge and torturing hour" of *Adversity* ever induce you to forget, for a moment, or relax in the pursuit

* Mr. Thomas Henry, F. R. S.

of your real and eternal interests, but

"With wisdom mark the moment as it flies,
"Think, what a moment is to him who *dies*."

And, by a frequent perusal of the precepts contained in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, by a daily intercourse with your Heavenly Father, through the medium of prayer, by a constant and regular attendance upon publick worship, and an observance of the ordinances of that Church to which you belong, endeavour to establish those habits of Piety, and that uniform correctness and solidity of conduct, which will unquestionably procure the favour both of GOD and Man. Avail yourselves of the privileges of the Gospel Covenant. Be Christians, not in name only, but in deed and in truth.

Accustom yourselves daily to reflect upon your past conduct, and compare it with those fixt and eternal principles of rectitude, which Reason and Religion enjoin. Remember that

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
"To ask them what report they bore to Heaven,
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Night Thoughts, B. 1.

Let a conviction of the omnipresence and omnipotence of the Deity be unceasingly active in your minds, and also that you are rational, and, consequently accountable beings: that your thoughts, words and actions are registered in Heaven; and, awful reflection! that the issues of *Eternity* depend upon the actions of *Time*.

With the expression of these sentiments, I offer you my most ardent wishes for your prosperity and usefulness, accompanied with that publick attestation of your diligence, while students in this Institution, to which the exercises of this day have, I trust, sufficiently substantiated your claim.

The following is a copy of the Certificate given:

In TESTIMONY of the zeal and industry with which A. B. has pursued, and the honourable proficiency which he has attained in the studies of Grammar, Writing, Arithmetick, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, and Logick, in the Philadelphia Academy, under my tuition, of which he has given proof by a publick examination this day:

And also in testimony of my affectionate regard and sincere wishes for his future prosperity and usefulness, I have granted him these presents.

Dated at Philadelphia, the thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1807.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.
Director of the Philadelphia Academy.

Each of the following young gentlemen received a certificate, viz.

JONAS BARNETT
CHRISTOPHER HARPER
THOMAS HOCKLEY
MICHAEL ISRAEL
EDWARD KING
WILLIAM KIRKHAM
JAMES LINEHAN
MAURICE LINEHAN
GEORGE RICHARDS
CHARLES TAWS
SAMUEL THOMAS
WILLIAM WAGER.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq.

Mr. Cooper's reputation as a poet arises from his translation of the *Ver-Vert* of Gresset, and his original poems conceived in the spirit of that and some of the elegant poets of France. This part of his works shall form the subject of a separate paper. In concluding the present, the principal

poem that deserves our attention is his *Father's Advice to his Son*. In the *Tomb of Shakspeare*, &c. there appears nothing above mediocrity: Of two songs one is vulgar and the other vapid; but the *Father's Advice*, though the sentiments are sufficiently commonplace, deserves to stand in the highest reputation for the extraordinary sweetness of its numbers, and that tender cadence which is consistent with the design of the poem. This elegy is an imitation of the old song to Winifreda, with which Mr. Cooper brought the publick acquainted in his *Letters on Taste:*

Deep in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan,

A swain, tow'rd full-aged manhood wending,
Sat sorrowing at the close of day;
At whose fond side a boy attending
Lisp'd half his father's cares away:

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue:

My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
My prattling innocent, attend!
Nor fear rebuke, nor sour displeasure!
A father's loveliest name is friend.

Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants receive:
For truths are wealth of heav'n's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give.

Since from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birthright to be good.

In love for ev'ry fellow creature,
Superiour rise above the crowd;
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From others' joys a friendly glow,
And from each hapless neighbour's sorrows
Throbs with a sympathetick wo.

This is the temper most endearing,
Tho' wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
An heav'nlier pow'r good nature bearing,
Each part in willing thraldom leads.

Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-destroying streams that flow;
Nor from Ambition's dang'rous mountain
Look down upon the world below:

The princely pine, on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd, in dust to lie.

Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

Wish not for Beauty's darling features,
Moulded by Nature's fondling pow'r;
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour:

I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below:

By noontide's heat its youth was wasted;
The waters, as they past, complain'd;
At eve, its glories all were wasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from Wisdom's path astray;
What genius lives renown'd in story
To happiness who found the way.

In yonder mead behold that vapour
Whose vivid beams illusive play,
Far off, it seems a friendly taper,
To guide the trav'ller on his way;

But should some hapless wretch pursuing
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

In life, such bubbles nought admiring
Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
To Peace, in Virtue's cot, repair;

There seek the never-wasted treasure
Which mutual love and friendship give;
Domestick comfort, spotless pleasure,
And bless'd and blessing you shall live.

If Heav'n with children crown your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling,
Th' example you have felt pursue.

He paused—for, tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now, Night her sable mantle spreading,
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
And, dank dews from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath'd the ground,

When back to city follies flying,
Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd;
His face, array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself, and undesigning)
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,

And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.
Yet, to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his soul;
For what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only should control.

This poem will not bear the ordeal of verbal criticism, which is what, however, every poem should. Its appeal is to the heart, and there it will always find a favourable judge. The construction of the sentences is sometimes awkward; as that beginning *Now, Night;* and there is one serious contempt of syntax:

I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

The poet means, that the shadow of the *Narcissus* bloomed in the silver waves below; but he says, that it was the shadow of the *river's bank*.

From the Boston Repertory we lately copied, with applause, an extract which we thought pertinently applied to the character of the man, whose pacifick polity has involved us in disgrace, and may occasion still more dishonour. In the works of my Lord BOLINGBROKE, we have just perused the following remarks on the private and publick character of James I. We think that he is revived in America.

While he neglected the affection and sought the reverence of the publick, he lost one, and was disappointed of the other. His private and his publick character both fell into contempt. *Learning* was the part on which he valued himself. This he affected more than became a king, and *broached in such a manner as would have misbecome a schoolmaster*. His pedantry was too much even for the age in which he lived. It would be tedious to quote the part he took in the conference at Hampton Court, and in the theological wrangles between the Gomarists and the Armenians; or to attempt to prove, by some instances, what appeared in all his words and actions. Let us only observe that the ridicule which he excited was just; because *the merit of a chief governour is wisely to superintend the whole and not to shine in any inferiour class;* because different, and in some cases, perhaps, opposite talents, both natural and acquired, are necessary to move, and to regulate the movements of the machine of government; in short, because as a good adjutant may make a very bad general, *so a very great reader and writer too may be a very ignorant chief magistrate.*

This monarch, moreover, was so fond of peace, *or rather so afraid of war, that he disarmed his subjects before he had provided for their security. He stopt them in the course of doing themselves justice, before he was sure of obtaining reparation for their past losses.* The impressions which such a proceeding must make *on the minds of a trading people*, are easily felt. What protection, therefore, and much less what encouragement to trade could be expected from a prince, who began his reign by *sacrificing the mercantile interests of his people to hostile nations, to the mean arts of false politicks, and even to his fears.* But *he was always afraid where no fear was, and bore dishonourably what he might have resented safely.* We are not to wonder if conduct, pusillanimous like this, soon brought the king into contempt, mingled with indignation, among a people, *eagerly bent on commerce*, and in whom *high notions of national honour* and *a gallant spirit* had been infused and encouraged.

When we consider *the multitude of his proclamations*, the nature of some, the object of others, and the style of all, we must of course conclude that he meant to cajole the nation. He was deceived. The spirit of liberty baffled all his designs. This spirit was not only alive, but vigorous and active. But the salutary exercise of this spirit, he, virtually, was always counteracting. By *foolish embassies* and *ridiculous negociations, he gave time and furnished advantages to his enemies.* In short, *not only the principles of his conduct were wrong, but the measures of his government composed such a series of blunders as we seldom find in history.*

ELOQUENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Oration on the character of General Hamilton, delivered by Mr. Benjamin J. Bostock, at the late commencement in the University of Pennsylvania.

The Oration is here given as originally written, a few alterations were made in the delivery.

In reviewing the events of the times that have gone before us, and tracing o'er the pages of history, the revolutions of empires, the eye is wearied with a vast expanse of misery and depravity. The amiable and social qualities of man glide silently in sequestered streams, and, as they excite no wonder, and produce no important results, they attract no attention from the annalist. It has therefore, perhaps, been truly said that history is a narrative of the crimes and follies of mankind: not that man is really as destitute of virtue as he is there represented, but that he is only exhibited in his worst estate. Tales abound in every page, of bloody ambition, cruel oppression, corrupt faction, and base treachery; but the millions, who have enjoyed the noiseless blessings of domestick tranquillity and social benevolence, as they lived not for the world, were to the world unknown, and are, by the world, forgotten. But even in the boundless scene of human depravity presented by history, we here and there catch an object on which we may delight to rest. Thinly scattered indeed, but highly prominent, we behold men who shine the fair ornaments of our nature, the bright examples of intellect and virtue. Thus the sun-beaten traveller, as he wanders, exhausted, over a dreary desert of cheerless sands, where no blooming shrub relieves his burning eye-balls, no stream is found to cool his parched lips, suddenly beholds the stately columns of Palmyra rising in solemn magnificence "amidst the solitary waste." They remind him of the power and art of man, and give him a generous pride in his species. So stands an Aristides, a Socrates, a Cæsar.

As we have received from antiquity such excellent lessons of virtue, such stimulating proofs of the astonishing powers of the human faculties, it is our glory too, that we shall transmit to posterity names which find no superiour in ancient, no overbearing rivals in modern days. In the first rank, and matched only by our WASHINGTON, stands the name of HAMILTON. The commencement of the American Revolution found him little more than seventeen years of age. But it found him full of that generous sensibility and manly energy which are the sure presages of greatness, and peculiarly fitted him to act an important part in the approaching scene. When the liberty of a people was at stake, the genius and virtue of Hamilton could not slumber. His powers were quickened to an unusual growth by the ardour of his zeal, and his penetrating intuitive judgment gave him all the benefits of experience without the tardiness of its progress. Before the controversy had come to its extremity; before it was resolved to make the awful appeal to arms, and decide the conflict in blood, the talents of our patriots were amply employed in political argument, defending the principles of American resistance, and exposing the tyrannick pretensions of the parent country. Here Hamilton, stripling as he was, but born always to lead whenever he acted, shone most conspicuously. The experience of age wondered at his wisdom, and the ardour of youth was outstripped by his vigour. He was soon to be seen in a new character; to dismiss the pen for the sword, and to assert in fields of carnage the principles he had so ably taught. Here, while the warriour shone in the unblemished armour of dauntless courage, the man forgot not the tenderness of his nature, the sweet benevolence of his heart. Every danger was braved that he might conquer; but he was a protecting shield to the fallen foe. When at Yorktown he was foremost to leap into the intrenchments of the enemy, he was foremost too to stop the work of death and preserve the vanquished. Such rare endowments could not escape the immortal leader of the destinies of our country. *Spirit of Washington!* Can we pass thy sacred name without a tribute of heartfelt gratitude? A flourishing nation is the monument of thy glory, and Heaven the reward of thy virtue. The purity of thy fame turns aside the breath of calumny, and its firmness defies the tooth of time. The waters of oblivion cannot reach its summit or undermine its base.

In the variegated and important life of Hamilton never was he placed in a situation in which he did not surpass all competition, and leave it only to be questioned whether the splendid power of his genius or the amiable excellence of his heart, was most to be admired. To detail the various excellence of this extraordinary man; to enumerate the different stations he occupied, supreme in each; to paint the scenes of mighty moment which were directed by his powers, and ever happy in their issue; to relate the endless tale of his publick usefulness and private worth, would be but to speak of things familiar to the bosom of every American. When they are forgotten, when our hearts shall cease to swell at the recollection of them, justice and gratitude will be banished from the land, and the name of an American be detested by the good of every nation. Behold him at the head of your armies, and you believe he was made only to be a war-

riour. See him in the cabinet; he is the first of Statesmen. Listen to his eloquence, it is the soul of Cicero, warmed and purified with the virtue of Cato. Follow him to the desk of the Financier, amidst the difficulties of that intricate science; he makes the crooked way straight, and turns its darkness into light, combining the labour of Sully, with the genius of Chatham. At the bar, who was his equal in developing the mysteries of the Law, and displaying the dignity of Justice?

If in the bright assemblage of virtues which were collected in the character of Hamilton, any one could be distinguised, it was, perhaps, his Disinterestedness. This pervaded his whole life and gave a loftiness to every situation in which he was placed. No mean or sordid view ever visited that noble heart; no selfish attention to his own interest ever dictated a sentiment or influenced an act. His bosom was the mansion of purity and the channels which flowed from it, however they might wander and err in their course, were never tainted with corruption or poisoned at their source. The unfeigned belief he had in the Christian Religion, not from thoughtless habit, but from a sincere conviction, produced by a candid and laborious search into the evidences of its truth, is at once a testimony of his intelligence and purity, and of the excellence of our faith. He is a bold man who will call that false, which Hamilton pronounced true.

At the successful conclusion of the American Revolution, in every stage of which he had an important agency, when the fever of contest had subsided, we were found to be—an exhausted, distracted, and divided people. It seemed impossible to collect the resources of the country, to bring them into timely action or direct them into productive channels. Jealousies, rancorous jealousies, kept individuals asunder, and fearful rivalships separated the states, each part was afraid of the whole, and no common exertion could be excited for the common good. The eye of Hamilton surveyed this fermenting chaos of ruinous confusion, and he spoke it into energy and order. He raised the voice of wisdom, he dictated in the tones of superiority. He forced the American people to know that their safety was in union; and dispelled the misty doubts, the mean suspicions, which had brought them to the brink of ruin. Sometimes cutting out errour by the root, and sometimes yielding a little to prejudice, his magical influence conciliated interests that had seemed wholly incompatible; assuaged passions that had raged with fury; and brought hostile states into one great design of mutual aggrandizement. How instantly we rose, under his creative hand to a giant's size, the world has witnessed with astonishment.

But where is this man of wonder, this light of the world? Does he live the fairest example of virtue, the resistless teacher of wisdom? No. He has fallen in his course, in the mid-day of his glory has he fallen. Unwasted by the decay of years, untouched by the hand of disease, he has fallen the victim of misguided honour, of ruthless revenge.

Oh! what a rent the envious Casca made.
* * * * *
Seasons return, but not to him returns
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.

Seldom has the loss of an individual made such a chasm in a nation. The shock of his death was felt at every extremity of the Union. An awful gloom hung on the publick brow, and men looked fearfully on each other. The wrath of Heaven was seen in this calamity. Cease not, Americans, to mourn over the ashes of your Hamilton; cease not to deplore, in profound affliction, the sad hour that took him from you. God grant that the time may not come upon us, which the spirit of Hamilton foresaw, when his loss will be more justly appreciated, more deeply felt. When threatening storms shall rise in the distant horizon, and domestick whirlwinds sweep us as with "the besom of destruction," then we shall look for our protecting angel, and cry, in anguish, for the lost Hamilton. This commanding genius, which could have controlled the fury of maddening factions, and repelled the invading foe, will be sought in vain. A lifeless mouldering form is all that remains of the mighty man. But even this is no mean relic'k. Youth of America! visit his sacred tomb: it will speak lessons of instruction. Repair to his hallowed ashes: their presence will inspire your hearts with the noblest sentiments. There learn, that virtue, pure, exalted, disinterested virtue, makes the truly great man; and when aided by the powers of genius, places him on the summit of human perfection.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY,
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

It is impossible exactly to point out the commencement of such a period as that of the revival of literature. Several gradual steps led in succes-

sion to this desirable event; and the proportional advance towards it was much greater in some countries than in others. In Italy there existed elegant writers formed on the best models of the ancients, at a time when all the rest of Europe was sunk in barbarism. If any one circumstance however, may be pointed out as peculiarly instrumental in propagating liberal and useful learning throughout the western world, it is, perhaps, that of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the year 1453, which occasioned the dispersion of learned men, skilled in the Greek language, who carried their knowledge and their books to the places of refuge. Accordingly, we find, soon after this period, a number of translations of the Greek authours as well medical as others, undertaken by the literati of various countries. Medicine gained by this very essentially, as it was freed from the mischiefs of Arabian folly and extravagance by a direct application to the pure sources of the Greeks, and its professors were not less benefited by the acquisition of those ornamental parts of literature, which dispelled the barbarism of their language and formed that union of the character of the polite scholar with that of the physician, which they have ever since, so much to their credit, maintained.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to find that in the opinion of an elegant and judicious critick, Dr. AIKIN, the inferiority of modern poetry to that of what has been commonly called the Augustan age of letters in England is merely the gratuitous assumption of certain dabblers in literature. After the perusal of GOLDSMITH, Sotheby, Bowles, and many other recent poets, we have ever deemed it a stupid charge, which ought to be drowned by all the clarions of criticism. The basis being rotten, the whole superstructure of "X" tumbles to the ground.

All young men, who are disposed to indulge the editor, and *treat the town* with their *ingenious* essays, are most solemnly warned against the hackneyed topicks of envy, avarice, duelling, and seduction. All juvenile writers may be assured that no creature ever peruses speculations of this stamp. The passions of envy and avarice, with their adjuncts and consequences, have been so copiously, as well as beautifully described, by the ancient moralists, that even the learning and genius of Dr. JOHNSON were rebuked, when they superfluously expatiated over this exhausted field. As for duelling, all the wit, reasoning, and eloquence of man will never banish this custom from the creed of the cavalier and the camps of the valiant; and for a boy, a young man, or an old man, to write a single line on the subject of seduction, is a useless labour, nay, an impertinent task, when every day produces such a multitude of volunteers from the *female* world, who take infinite delight in describing the horrours, terrours, and errours of this vice. As love, in their truly accurate and judicious estimation, constitutes *the whole business of life*, whatever emanates from this passion makes a mighty figure in their lively imaginations; and it is a curious circumstance in the history of human nature, that it has always been next to impossible for a woman to write a book, unless a love story, assignations, elopements, the insidious arts of a libertine, or the brutal violence of a ravisher, constituted the important theme. From the immodest Afra Behn to the modest Mrs. Opie, from Lady Mary Montague to the last Lady Betty of the bedchamber, this is their inveterate habit. With them gallantry is a most imposing and showy figure. It is first and last and midst in their minds. While, therefore, they take so lively an interest in guarding themselves and their sisters against the consequences of illicit passion, both young boys and writers of *a certain age*, may leave seduction to be handled by the ladies.

Is "Peregrine" still a wanderer, or so much of *a Pickle* that frolick and fun will not give him time to write?

O P. Q. has a talent for the *quizzical*, and is *most potent* in parody. He diverts the lounger; and in these yawning days of the dogstar, he who laughs is more welcoe than he who proses, *ever so wisely*.

The oriental poets have not ceased to charm us. After the stimulants we have found in the works of Sir William Jones, we should be ashamed not to relish the productions of Hafiz. We have recently had access to many other Persian bards, by the aid of a Poetry Professor at Oxford, and have the promise of a new glimpse of scenery in Asia Minor. Whatever contributes to enlarge our acquaintance with that quarter of the globe, contributes essentially to use and pleasure.

A very near relation of the late regretted Dr. Nisbet, has afforded us some reason to hope that we shall obtain for publication in this paper a course of lectures on Rhetorick

and the Belles Lettres. Though Blair and Barron have written very copiously on these themes, yet we are perfectly well satisfied that Dr. Nisbet's performance will not prove a work of supererogation. No man understood better than he whatever the ancients have invented, or the moderns have compiled on the subject of eloquence, none was more conversant with every part of the Belles Lettres, and none could impart knowledge with more depth and originality of thinking.

Zimmermann on the tranquillizing effect of Tobaco, writes like one who knows the situation of the *King's stores* at the Havanna, and who can point out with connoisseurship the mighty difference between James's River and Brazil. We doubt not that he consumes at least four boxes of çigarrs within twelve calender months, and is a sort of high priest at the burning altars of the goddess *Fumosa*.

From K. we shall be happy to hear often. In his tour to the east has he seen the wise men? At this season, though he may not be gratified with the society of N. E. yet its solitude is sure to please. A description either of the peculiarities of man, or the beauties of nature, will be interesting to us and our readers.

We wish that the English gentleman, who some time since favoured us with his remarks on the manners and habits of the Robin-red-breast of his native country, will write habitually for The Port Folio. We think well of him and *his associates*. Communications from such sources may be certain of a favourable reception.

We have just received the last number of Salmagundi. We hope we shall find room for The Stranger *at Home*. This same stranger in his ramble through Broadway sees many strange sights, and very facetiously describes his emotions.

FALKLAND from professional and private engagements has been obliged to suspend his speculations on the causes which have retarded the progress of literature in the United States. This interesting disquisition will be resumed as soon as possible.

Our friend D. has faithfully observed his engagement. We regularly receive the papers, and shall take occasion to comment upon their contents in due season.

Mr. BREWER, the sprightly authour of the periodical paper which he calls Hours of Leisure, is very respectfully thanked for the entertainment he affords our readers and ourselves.

During these midsummer days, when people can scarcely keep themselves awake with Rabelais, Sterne, Fielding, and Smollet, we hope that all juvenile scribblers will be mindful not to send us any trash. An essay, at this time, must be very witty and very elegant, to gain even the chance of perusal.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

We send you a few fragments, which are entirely at your disposal. It is probable that those who wrote them, thought them good: and that they were interesting to those whom they celebrate—whether they may be pleasing to the readers of The Port Folio, is for you to determine.

DACTYLE & COMMA.

Exeter, N. H. June 8, 1807.

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing that a young lady painted.

Eliza paints you say?—That fine complexion,
Those cherry lips, those cheeks, that charm the rose,
Were not by Nature form'd so fair and blooming?
The symmetry we see in every feature
In such perfection, even those eyes, that beam
Such melting glances, are improv'd by art?
That fleeting blush, perhaps, that lights her face
With such expression, is but painted there?

But should you hint that those were borrowed charms,
The blush, that rose to tell you of your errour,
Would prove her beauties needed no improvement.
True, she is painted, but "the red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."
She's painted by the hand that paints the rose,
And gives its melting colours to the rainbow.
By Heavens! 'twould be a compliment to say
That she could imitate a face so lovely,
But it would be impiety, to think
Herself a better artist than her Maker,
And strive to mend what he has made so perfect.
Eliza paints! 'twould be "to paint the lily,
To add fresh perfume to the violet."

C.

For The Port Folio.

TO MISS MARY G.

An apology for a Birthday Ode.

You claim a promised ode, your natal day
Deserves from abler pens their noblest lay.

Could I believe you serious, to require
From feeble hands, that seldom strike the lyre,
A task, which abler hands would strive in vain
To execute in a deserving strain?
Should I attempt our happy lot to show,
Should I presume to tell how much we owe,
Who share your sweet society on earth,
To that propitious day which gave you birth?
Though by your smiles inspired, my hand would fail,
To paint the charms that o'er our hearts prevail.
In rural walks, by every charm endear'd,
In social circles too, you oft have cheer'd
With sprightly conversation, or a song,
The happy few, who will remember long
Their present joys, and oft these scenes review,
Where midst the charming, they've been charm'd by you.

Could I bestow the praise your virtues claim,
I'd gladly be your laureat, and the name
Of Mary should awake the trembling lyre,
In concert with the lays her charms inspire.
How far inferiour were the task, to sing
The purchas'd birthday honours of a king!
Compell'd, when noise and pomp announce the day,
The labour'd strain of eulogy to pay,
Repeat the former flattery, newly dress'd,
And still to praise for virtues not posses'd.
How different here! your laureat would impart
The warm congratulations of his heart,
And every charm conspires the strain to raise,
And every virtue justifies the praise.
To tell you this, would be to say no more,
Than you have heard a thousand times before—
For who, while sensibility endures,
Can be insensible to worth like yours—
But should I strive, while inspiration glow'd,
To tell your merit in a birthday ode,
Even those who knew your excellence before,
Would call it flattery from the dress it wore.

Forgive me then that I the task decline,
Which would require an abler pen than mine.
'Tis true I promis'd; who can e'er refuse,
When you demand a tribute from the muse?
But oft a promise bids us hope for joys,
Which the performance instantly destroys;
From expectation often we receive
The pleasure which fruition fails to give.
Since then to promises so much we owe,
I would not by performance overthrow
Anticipated joys, but leave you still
To cherish hopes my strains can ne'er fulfil.
In fancy you this merit may commend,
But once possess'd, their value has an end.

C.

For The Port Folio.

PORTRAIT OF THE MISER.

Buried within their sockets' safe retreat;
Two glimmering orbs maintain their ancient seat;
Long watchful nights, suspicion, care and dread,
Compress'd their size and curtain'd them with red:
Large guardian brows, in aged tufts descend
And o'er the cumbrous, watery eyelids bend:
The bony bulwark front, projected hence,
Short, narrow, wrinkled—emblem of his sense!
Swell'd by no culture ere it harden'd thro',
Now binds the shriveling brain as narrow too:
From the deep brow the crooked nose takes birth,
Pointing with plodding love tow'rd mother earth;
While the small nostrils take an upward course,
By avarice urg'd with unresisted force.
Deep cunning marks this never-failing trait,
Companion of the miser's sordid fate—
O hateful feature in an infant face!
The type of future misery and disgrace;
For with thy growth the subjugated soul
None of the milder virtues can control,
A firmness (had it but a better cause!)
Projects one lip and both compactly draws;
Yet silent habits force the corners down,
To aid the expression of a kindred frown:
Small, pointed, narrow, and projecting thin,
A skin-clad bone completes the feeble chin—
How far remov'd from that enormous jaw
Whose sensual pleasure is the only law!
His plodding head, which oft to fortune stoop'd,
Submissive still, beyond his shoulders droop'd
And, tho' with age it nodded o'er the grave,
Still urg'd its plans some farthings more to save.
Behold the miser's portrait, which at best
Is but a feeble copy and undrest!

R. P.

Epitaph on John Flint.

Beneath this stone lies *John Flint*,
If he gets up the devil's in't.

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